

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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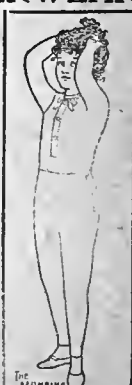


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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

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No. 1.

COLONIA JUAREZ.

I.



MOST of northern Mexico consists of mountainous country and deserts. There is comparatively little land that can be farmed, because of the great scarcity of water. Leaving El Paso, the border city of Texas, one crosses the Rio Grande river, which most of the year round is comparatively dry. On entering the town opposite El Paso, Cuidad Juarez, one is initiated somewhat into the customs of Mexican life, although as one leaves the center of El Paso, Mexican houses multiply, in number and indicate that a very large number of Mexicans

have settled across the river in the United States.

From Cuidad Juarez one takes the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific railroad to reach Dublan, the first Mormon colony, about one hundred and sixty miles from the Mexican frontier. All along the way nothing is seen of interest, except here and there a few Mexican huts and such brush as is peculiar to desert lands. It is a Mexican train that runs each way every other day. From 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon one looks out of the car windows upon an open stretch of sandy desert. The passenger traffic is never very heavy, and is ac-



COLONIA JUAREZ.

commodated therefore on mixed trains.

It is a great relief and also a great surprise as one nears the Mormon colony of Dublan to see its beautiful brick houses scattered here and there and somewhat numerous throughout the town. Beyond Dublan about two miles south is the station of Casas Grandes, where one may take the stage for Colonia Juarez in a westerly direction toward the foothills of the mountains, a distance of about fifteen miles. Soon after leaving the terminus, the Casas Grandes river is crossed, along whose banks here and there grow cottonwood trees of such scraggy and ancient appearance as to be in harmony with the surrounding country.

Beyond the river in a westerly direction is the town of Casas Grandes, the seat of government for a large district of surrounding country. The town is ancient in appearance and resembles Mexican architecture—if it can be said that such places have an architecture at all. The whole place has a sort of sombre hue, and the

dreary, uninviting life of the people stands out in striking contrast to the rustle and bustle of an American community.

As one leaves the town, the foothills are soon reached; and over a rough, hilly road one travels a distance of about ten miles to the summit of the hill that incloses on the east the Casas Grandes river, which has wound its way around the hills toward the mountain. When one reaches the summit of the hill that partially encircles the town of Colonia Juarez, he beholds what becomes to him one of the most enchanting views in all nature—an oasis in the desert. Three hundred feet below lies a beautiful garden spot; and above and beyond on the west, hills rise a little higher than that on which he stands, and beyond them is a stretch of country as uninviting as that over which he has already passed.

The town is a revelation to those long accustomed to the dreary landscapes of most of northern Mexico. Here and there the houses are seen nestling in the midst of orchards and shade trees that line the



STREET IN COLONIA JUAREZ, SHOWING PART OF CO-OP STORE.



COLONIA JUAREZ, PARK AND BAND STAND.

streets in all directions. Through the center of the town the Casas Grandes river runs. Its irregular banks and flooded shores detract greatly from the otherwise beautiful aspect of the scene.

Colonia Juarez was first settled in 1886, and after an experience that had been most disappointing to the pioneers who, the year before, under a misapprehension, had laid out a town on a beautiful and extended slope of country two miles below on the river. The first townsite, with its gentle slopes and charming vista of rolling hills and towering mountains, would have made Colonia Juarez an ideal landscape

for homes, gardens and surrounding fields. It was a part of the San Diego ranch, and its title unfortunately could not be secured. Nothing was left now for the colonists to do but to move on up the river to a much more undesirable spot. But the most has been made of so unfavorable a site, and Colonia Juarez is, after all, a very pretty garden spot, with its orchards and beautiful homes. Many of the colonists declare their disappointment in not securing their first location a great good fortune, as the present site is not so cold and subject to frosts, and therefore much better for fruit raising.
J. M. T.

HELPS AND HINTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom."—Doc. & Cov.

THE following extracts are taken from the "Primer on Teaching" by John Adams, M. A., B. Sc., Professor of Education in the University of London.

The object of the Sunday School teacher is not so much to impart knowledge as to mould character. His work is tested not so much by what his pupils *know*, as by what they *are*. He seeks to impart a knowledge of sacred things, in order that

this knowledge may develop in the right direction the nature of the pupil. If his work is to be successful, the teacher must know not only the subjects to be taught, but also the nature of the pupil. He must know not only his Bible, but also his boy.

* * * * *

No teacher can hope for success who is not able to put himself in the place of the pupil. Only by looking at the world through the pupil's eyes can the teacher understand how to deal with that world in relation to the pupil. The ordinary adult has no more idea of what is passing in the mind of a child of a given age than he has of the latitude of Lilliputia. Yet many people think that any ordinary adult who has a fair education can teach the young. As a matter of fact, not in teaching only, but in all professions that imply direct dealing with human nature the one fundamental need is the power of putting one's self in the place of another. The lack of this power accounts for more failures in life than all the other lacks put together.

* * * * *

The impression left on the memory at an early age is much more clear and distinct than any later impression can be. Nothing can do so much to increase the teacher's feeling of responsibility as a consideration of the importance of these early impressions.

* * * * *

The teacher's fight must be to put good ideas into the mind, and keep them there; he must be concerned more with good ideas than with evil ones. The moment the teacher speaks of an evil idea, he increases its presentative activity, and thus, to some extent, aids it to realize itself. We must fight evil indirectly by supplying ideas of good. This is the teaching of Paul when he says, "All uncleanness or covetousness, let it not be once named among you." We must nurture the mind with ideas of

good, and starve it in respect of ideas of evil.

* * * * *

It is the teacher's business so to arrange the ideas in the child's mind that they shall offer no welcome to undesirable ideas. We have seen that he must fight evil indirectly. His injunctions should not take the form *thou shalt not*, but rather the form *thou shalt*. He should teach positively rather than negatively; by giving examples of what should be done rather than by examples of what should be avoided. For it is found that the actual example is what interests the child, rather than the advice to follow or not to follow it. Since imitation is one of the strongest forces of our nature, the danger is evident when we teach by means of what is known as "the awful example." Children cannot be kept entirely from knowledge of evil, but the ordinary experience of life brings quite sufficient exercise in resisting temptation without the teacher supplying evil examples for educative purposes.

* * * * *

Everyone who wishes to interest others, *must himself be interested*. The point of the teacher's interest may not be the same as that of the pupil's. But he must be really interested all the same. Further, he must show his interest. It is a well-known fact that interest is infectious. Most people are familiar with the common trick of gathering a crowd in some busy thoroughfare by the simple expedient of standing and gazing fixedly at any object however insignificant. Amusing to others, this trick carries a practical lesson to the teacher.

* * * * *

There are great differences among teachers in the power of maintaining order. Some can command obedience by their very presence and manner, without any apparent effort; others again appear to be constitutionally incapable of exercising authority, no matter how earnestly they

try. These represent the extreme types, and the teachers who belong clearly to either of them need not trouble about what is said here regarding discipline. The first class do not require hints; the second class cannot profit by them. A constitutional lack of the power to command—if that lack is complete—should exonerate any person from attempting Sunday School work. But this total lack is very rare. Most teachers with a little guidance, a little tenacity of purpose, and a few weeks' experience, can acquire quite a serviceable command over an ordinary class. The hints that follow are meant to guide the average beginner.

The first hint is: *keep the pupil busy*. We are all familiar with Watts' remarks about the connection between Satan and idle hands, but the teachers ought not only to know the lines, but to realize all that is implied in them. What has been said about interest is applicable here. In order to be interested, the pupil must share in the work that is going on. The teacher who does all the preparation, all the thinking and all the speaking, is in a fair way to ruin the discipline of even a good and well-disposed class.

Second hint: Have all your work arranged *for the whole hour that you are responsible for the class*. For what has been said above about making the pupils work, in no way argues in favor of the teacher being idle. He must work hard before the lesson, in order that they may work hard during the lesson. There is nothing so fatal to the comfort of an indolent or mischievous boy, as the methodical and persistent carrying out of a carefully prepared plan for a lesson-period. His chance always occurs at the odd moments when, in passing from one thing to another the class for the time has nothing to do. But in the well-planned hour there are no such moments. Each item rises naturally out of the item before it, and necessarily leads to the item following it.

and if sometimes one part of a lesson occupies a little longer than it was meant to do, the explanation is always to be found in the interest excited by that part, and interest is fatal to misrule.

Expect to be obeyed, is the third hint. Do all your consideration beforehand about how you intend to govern your class. Make up your mind clearly about what you have a right to expect. Be moderate in your demands, but insist upon having them complied with. Issue as few commands as possible, but see that they are obeyed. Let there be no indecision in your voice or hearing, and you will be surprised to see how naturally your pupils respond,

* * * *

Do not wheedle or pander. The young teacher may think that by coming down to the level of the class, and by using some of the silly slang to which they are accustomed, he will win their favor. As a matter of fact the pupils soon see through this device, conclude that the teacher is afraid of them, and act accordingly. Avoid the "you fellow" style of address. Nor is it much better to make a bargain with a class, that if they behave for a certain number of minutes, they will be rewarded by a story. Stories are first-rate things in Sunday School, but they ought to be used as a means of teaching, not as lollipops. Do not think that all this is in favor of severity, and that ridiculous attitude known as standing on one's dignity. The best discipline is that which is not felt to be discipline at all. So far from there being any struggle for the mastery, the question of who is to be the master should not be considered. Many young teachers have yet to learn the great virtue of taking things for granted. Assume that you are master, and that no one even dreams of disputing your claim, and you have gone far to secure the realization of your assumption.

Finally, if you are of a quick temper.

you may find it a good plan to go to school each day *with your mind prepared for something disagreeable*. This was the advice given by a wise old teacher, who, however, was too wise not to warn his young friends against thinking that he meant them to go to school ready to find fault. His idea was that the teacher should be

strung up to that pitch of preparedness that enables one to meet any emergency. As the wise pedestrian in a jostling crowd braces his shoulders for defense, not defiance, so should the young teacher brace his temper for the possible temptations of the class hour.

Collected by Elder W. A. Morton.

POEMS—ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

The century was young; but it brought to earth
A child whose fate it was to change for aye
The world's events.

A destiny was his
Like to no other one; for 'twas decreed
In heaven, before the world was framed that he
Should be the Prophet of the latter days.
So when his simple prayer was breathed, alone,
Within the dark green woods, it reached to
heaven,

And answer brought the Father and the Son.
O, mortals gaze ye on the sacred scene,
With heavenly light and glory all around!
The boy had felt a lack of wisdom, and
His prayer was that he might be led to know
Of all religious sects, which he should join.
The Father introduced the other thus:
"This, Joseph, is my well beloved son,
Hear him."

The question answered was,
"Join none of them for they have all gone far
Astray; they serve me with their lips, their hearts
Are far from me."

Receded then the light,
And Joseph gazing where it shone before
Was pondering in his heart, "Join none of them,
For I will send my Gospel to the world,
And thou shalt be the Prophet of this day."
Then Satan, e'er perverter of the truth,
An enemy to God, revengeful swore
The boy should die. So angry darts were hurled
At him, that brought him oft nigh to the tomb.
In silent suffering did his spirit great
Commune with God. And strength to overcome
Was given him, and knowledge deep that he
Might understand.

And thus he grew in grace.
Then came Moroni from the worlds on high,
Who, of Cumorah spake and of his trust,

The records hidden there.

And when brought forth
The plates mysterious, scanned by eyes of men—
By Joseph Smith, through gift and power of God
The words wrought on the plates translated were,
And treasures great revealed. God's later work
Began for all the race.

The Book of Mormon
Gave history of Lehi and his house
Who came from Judah's land; and others from
The Tower of Babel anciently. And showed
Important Gospel truths comparing with
Those of the Testaments, both old and new.
The work translated thus was proven true,
And then Moroni, faithful to his trust,
Received again the plates into his care.
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-days
Established was; and Satan's fury raged
That it was done. Dire persecution reigned
And violence attacked the infant Church.
There came a day more black than darkest night,
And he was slain, the chosen of the Lord!
Nor he alone; his brother Hyrum stood
Faithful beside the Prophet unto death;
In life not parted; dead, companions still.
Upon the Saints impressive stillness lay.
No cry escaped their pale and trembling lips,
Though hearts were rent and tears suffused their
eyes.

Their faith in God still strong and true remained.
E'en o'er the sea the gloom was felt,
And hearts by dire forebodings were oppressed,
Yet could they not the cause define.
From Carthage sorrowing friends, grief stricken,
bore

The martyrs' bodies back to loved Nauvoo.
No more could foul oppression wound their
hearts,

Nor vengeance wreak, for they,
Beyond the power of men, found peace with God.
The solemn funeral dirges ceased; the rites were
o'er.

Then darkness came. There raged a hurricane
Wild, sweeping o'er the land,
As fury of a God. The steps of men
Obliterated were, that none could trace them
more.

Prophet and Patriarch together placed,
None, but a few, the staunchest of their friends,
Knew where reposed the buried ones of yester-
day.

In unknown graves? Ah, to the Lord is known
Those sacred spots!

Revealed some day by His
Eternal light, the sleepers will come forth,
For lo! in holy writ it is declared
The grave shall yield its dead.
The work which they commenced is marching
on,

The light of truth is spreading o'er the earth.
Illumined the work in its effulgence grand,
The cry shall on the morrow loud go forth,
"Hail Joseph Smith, the Prophet, Seer! And hail
His brother Hyrum too, the Patriarch!"
Ye Saints whose hearts yearn Joseph's face to
see,

Still struggle on, be faithful to the cause,
Christ's Kingdom build ye up, and ye shall see
Messiah in the clouds of heaven descend
To meet His Saints on earth.

Rejoice oh heart!

The time is nigh to Joseph meet in that
Illustrious throng, and clasp his hand among
The valiant faithful of the Latter days.
Swift speeds the time. How short the period
seems

Since Joseph's birth, one hundred years ago!
And swifter still will follow future times.
God will cut short His work in righteousness,
In hastening on the great Millennial Morn.

Lydia D. Alder.



JOHN ON PATMOS.

I am alone upon the Patmos isle,
No sound of voice nor touch of human hand
Is here for me,
No footprints on the headland where I stand,
No sail at sea;
Only the vast, immeasurable arch of blue,
And the eternal waves reflecting heaven's hue.

I am bowed down and broken with my years;
I, who was once the swiftest in the race

On the great day

When I outran that other to the place
Where Jesus lay,

On through the city gate, and o'er the vale we
sped,
Not knowing that we sought the living 'mid the
dead.

I am unfriended on this barren shore.
But once with Him on Judah's hills I walked,
Beloved the best;

And oft His face shone on me as we talked
To make me blest.

E'en now those wondrous words He spake come
back to me,
"Fear not, nor be cast down; I will return to
thee."

And I am only left of all the Twelve—
I who was last to leave Him on the tree,
Alone recall

His words, His voice—and how He looked on
me.

That look spoke all.

My soul, though dull to comprehend it, lost all
fears!
And now I know its meaning, after many years.

I am cast forth, and into exile driven:
But in my solitude there comes to me

A holy dream—

The vision of a kingdom that shall be,—
Worldwide, supreme;

And He, the Lamb, that sitteth on its great
white throne
That vision gives to all who wait with Him
alone.

Independent.



A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Almighty God, whose hand doth guide
The myriad host of worlds in space,
Thou who dost give the sun its pride,
And stars and moon their grace—
To Thee our thanks we bring this day;
Hear us, Almighty God, we pray!

Enthroned in glory evermore,
Thou rulest all below, above;
Grant to Thy children who implore
Thy mercy and Thy love.
To Thee our songs of praise we sing;
Hear us, we pray, Almighty King!

Lord of the nations of the world,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done!
In peace be all earth's banners furled,
In token of Thy Son!

To Thee we pray. O draw Thou near!
Hear us, Almighty Father, hear!

Sunday School Times.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

FIRST SUNDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Faithfulness.

1. Song—Merry Little Snowflakes. Hill p. 28.
2. Hymn—Thanks for Constant Care. Hill p. 19.
3. The Lord' Prayer.
4. Song. The New Year.

I.

"Again you're here, O bright New Year;
A welcome glad to you we sing,
Our hands we hold. For gifts untold:
What treasures do you bring?"

II.

"Again I'm here, O children dear;
Your little hearts I long to bless.
Where e'er I find the good and kind,
I give true happiness."

sky? The cold, frosty weather always seems to make the stars sparkle more, does it not?

When the snow is on the ground and the stars and the moon are shining in the sky the nights are very light.

In the day time we have the most light, so at that time we work. What gives the light in the day time? Why do we need light? (Talk of the uses of light and let the children tell what the light does for us.)

We have lights which help us out of doors, street lamps, lanterns, etc., and lights which help us in the house, lamps, candles, incandescents, etc. Spring-time will soon come again. What does the light do for the seeds, flowers, ice?

6. Bible Lesson.

THE NEW YEAR.

A - gain you're here, O bright New Year, A welcome glad to you we sing, Our

hands we hold for gifts un - told; What treasures do you bring?

(After the song has been learned half of the children may sing the first verse "to the New Year," and the other half may then sing the second verse as the New Year's answer.)

5. Morning talk. Lights.

These winter nights, when it is so cold, what is it we see shining so brightly in the

The Childhood of Christ. (Luke II.) See JUVENILE, Jan. 15th, 1905.

7. Rest Exercise. Choose.

8. Nature Story.

LITTLE MINNIE.

There was once a mother who had two little daughters and she had to work very hard all the time that she might keep them well fed and clothed for she was poor. The

mother was a good worker and found plenty to do, she had to leave her little girls at home all day but they were good and so helpful that they kept the house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

The little sister helped but she was not very strong and often the older sister, Minnie, would tell her stories and sing to her as she worked.

Their home was on the edge of a forest and after their work was finished the sisters would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind until it seemed as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the spring there were the birds; in the summer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children.

But one day the mother came home sick. It was winter time and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her sister sat by the fire and talked it over and at last Minnie said. "Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out and you must take care of mother, so she will soon be well again." Then she wrapped herself up, kissed her mother and little sister and started for the city.

After hunting for work, nearly all day she found a kind lady who wanted help. So each day Minnie washed the dishes, swept the floors, made the beds, set the chairs straight, dusted the furniture and ran errands, until the lady learned to love her for she was always cheerful and willing.

One day Minnie was hurrying with her work for she was going home in the afternoon with the money she had earned and with several nice things for her mother and sister. (Name things if you like.) But when she went in to tidy the sitting-room she saw on the windows the most beautiful pictures she had ever seen. Pictures of airy palaces with towers of silver and beau-

tiful trees and flowers. Jack Frost had been very busy through the night and as Minnie watched the beautiful frost pictures she forgot she had work to do until she heard the clock on the mantel strike. Then she hurried to brush up the floor, but she said to herself, "I believe I will just sweep this dirt under the rug today." So she lifted a corner of the large, heavy rug in front of the fireplace, for she was sure it would not be moved that day; and swept the handful of dirt, which she had brushed up, under it.

After dinner was over Minnie was soon on her way home, to remain until the next day with her mother and sister; but as she was a very conscientious child her heart was not as light as usual for every little while she thought of the dust under the rug.

As Minnie looked through her window that night it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying: "There is the little girl who is so faithful and good" and she turned away, for a little voice right in her heart was saying: "Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!"

Minnie's mama knew that something was troubling her little daughter, but knowing her so well she said nothing, and, as she thought, very soon Minnie's arms were around her neck and she was telling her all about it.

The first thing Minnie did when she returned to her work the next morning was to clean up the dust which had worried her so, though no one had seen it in under the rug. It was early in the new year. When Minnie went home the next week she carried a pretty soft rug to be placed at the side of her own little bed. It was a gift from the lady with whom she was living and was to be a reminder, the lady had said with a loving smile, that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

9. Children's Period.

10. Song. Closing. March out.

SECOND SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1906.

1. Song—choose.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song, Practice "The New Year."
5. Morning Talk.
Prepare your own talk.
6. Rest Exercise.

I think when a little chicken drinks
He takes the water in his bill,
And then he holds his head way up,
So the water can run down hill.

10. Closing Song and Prayer.**11. March Out.****KINDERGARTEN THEORY.**

To study Froebel's "Light Songs" is very interesting and instructive. Each song is illustrated. The first one shows a mother with her baby in her arms standing before a large window through which can be seen the village, bathed in moonlight as the large, full moon sails through the clouds. The baby's arms are extended toward the moon.

In his commentaries Froebel says, "what

LITTLE CHICKEN.

I think when a lit - tle chicken drinks, He takes the wa - ter in his bill;

And then he holds his head way up, So the wa - ter can run down hill.

(The hands may be placed together for the pan of water. Suit the actions to the words.)

7. Nature Story. Choose one.
8. Bible Story—Jesus and the Doctors. Luke 11.
See JUVENILE January 15, 1905, page 55.
9. Children's Period.

mother is ignorant of the attraction of the moon for the child? What mother does not know that this attraction is so great that it often renders him insensible to pain." Children when hurt or fretful are often carried to the window and quieted by having their attention called to the bright moon, and often their little hands try to grasp it as they grasp their play things.

As the child is drawn by the moon, so

in mature years our souls are drawn by *spiritual light*. As the sight of the moon stills the child's pain, so the vision of the heavenly light makes man oblivious of all earthly ills.

We too often ignore the child's wonder at the moon and the starry heavens. Hence it collapses into formless and empty astonishment. We should recognize in such wonder a question asked by the soul, and should so answer it as to prepare the child for a true appreciation of the heavenly bodies. Thus it is easy to direct the attention of even very young children to the way in which the moon seems to swim through the clouds, and to her often clearly perceptible spherical form.

Confronted by objects whose nature he is not able to apprehend, the child accepts with simple faith the explanations of his elders. Whether such explanations be true or false he believes them with equal ease, and this is especially the case when they are connected with and seemingly verified by his own perceptions. Hence by false explanations the child may be led to conceive the moon as a man and the stars as gold pins or burning lamps. On the other hand by means of true though necessary partial explanations, he may recognize in the former a beautiful, shining, swimming, ball, and in the latter great blazing, suns which look so tiny only because they are so far off. Why should we withhold from the child the living, and life-giving explanation and weigh him down with a dead one? Truth is harmful never; error is harmful always, even though it may sometimes lead to the truth. Disturb not your little one's blessed dream of unity with the great world-whole—that dream in which he stretches forth his hand to grasp the heavenly lights—that dream in which he knows of no barrier between himself and heaven."

One child, aged two years, when told that the moon was too far away to reach

took his mother by the hand and led her to the garden where a ladder was leaning against a wall, thinking to reach the desired object by that means. How necessary it is to plant the little feet firmly on the ladder that the knowledge they gain year by year may lead them nearer heaven and not make them feel as did the author of the following lines:

I remember, I remember the fir trees dark and high,

I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky,

It was childish ignorance but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when
I was a boy.

"With whatever the child's heart is full he fills his environment, and all life is to him a picture of his soul." We all know the tendency of childhood to impute to inanimate objects human life and human relationships. By what we know we interpret the new; hence the child on seeing two bright stars, exclaimed with joy! "Father and Mother stars!"

The young child loves in phantasy to see
Human relationships in star or tree,
Or anything that may about him be.
Nature and life around him seem a glass,
To mirror that which fills his heart. Alas,
That with the years the childish dream should
pass!

But break it not, until its hidden thought
Into more lasting meaning has been caught.
Once gone, with pain and tears it must be
bought.

All that is noble in your child is stirred,
And every energy to action spurred
By Nature's silent, oft-repeated word.
He sees the moon glide on her silver way,
He sees the stars return with closing day,
He sees each plant some hidden law obey.
No wonder that he thinks an inner spring
Of love creative lives in everything,
And bids it to his life an offering bring.
And as the bright unbroken chain returns
In beauty on itself, his spirit yearns
Toward that great love which dimly he discerns.
A child's conceit? Nay, larger truth indeed,
Which shall sustain him in his later need—
A faith too deep for any written creed.

Blow Book.

WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XXII.

AT EASTWOOD, NOTTS.



ASTWOOD, the town in which we are now staying, is a little coal-mining camp set in the midst of a beautiful farming district. The part of town containing our house is known as Lynn Croft. The center of the village is Eastwood proper, but the name also covers the settled parts surrounding it. Within stone's throw, in almost any direction, you come to various sections of the

Last evening we chanced to ask a little fellow near our house where he was born. "I were not born here," he responded with surprise if not with indignation, "I were born at Moorgreen." Moorgreen is perhaps three blocks from Lynn Croft.

Most of the houses of English cities and villages are built for renting purposes and those seen in Eastwood give every evidence of this fact. All are built pretty much after the same—the cheapest—plan, and so much alike are they that it is not at all uncommon for a housewife to enter her neighbor's door, thinking she is going in



A RESIDENCE STREET, ENGLAND.

town all bearing different names. We found this condition existing in Liverpool and Nottingham but did not wonder at it in such large cities; however, in settlements the size of Eastwood, it seems rather queer to find so many local geographical terms. And we cannot help noticing how near-by places seem to be regarded as far apart. We hear people speak of certain groups of houses in such a way as to lead one to think they must be something like a mile distant, when in reality they are only a few yards.

at her own. We find it convenient to count the doors from the "gas light" in order to locate the proper entrance to our "home."

So many doors being alike causes one of our party to tell of the newly married couple who, while on a wedding tour, engaged rooms on one of the upper floors of a New York sky scraper. The following morning, the young bride decided to run down stairs to do some shopping. On returning she walked about the right distance along the narrow hallway and gently tapped the door. No answer came so she

tapped louder. She listened for the reply and then said gently:

"Honey, it's I, please open the door."

"The door did not open, so she knocked louder still and continued:

"Open the door, it is I, Honey! Don't you know me, Honey?"

Just then, to her astonishment, a gruff voice answered:

"This is no bee-hive—it's the bath room."

Nearly all the houses are built right out to the sidewalk just as the business blocks in Salt Lake City; consequently front lawns, yards, and fences, are scarcely ever seen, and it is indeed seldom one finds tree-lined sidewalks in English towns as we find at home. We are impressed with the thought that nothing could be more monotonous and less beautiful than the ordinary town streets of England, and we lament sorely the fact that the streets of Salt Lake City are so fast being stripped of their invigorating beauty, leaving only the bare "town skeleton" to view. We feel steps should be taken to encourage the growth of trees rather than allow the wholesale slaughter of them, and thus prevent our charming city from becoming the barren, lifeless, "orderly conglomeration" of stone and brick and asphaltum that we find in this land.

* Our house, like most others in this vicinity, is roofed with red earthen shingles, called tiles, resembling waves, a couple of inches high, passing from one end of the gable roof to the other. Some of the better houses are covered with slate shingles, and we see a few old landmarks within the town limits still covered with weather-worn thatch.

And we must not forget the conventional chimney pots. The "pots" are square pipes about sixteen inches long, a little larger at the bottom than top, and are made of potters' clay. They are found on all brick chimneys and serve as ornaments

and also give additional length to the flues. The accompanying picture of an English resident street gives a fairly good idea of these chimney pots.

Another thing so common here is the care bestowed by the good housewife upon the stone sills of the front doors. An effort seems to be made to make the sills as near the color of Mary's lamb as possible. For this purpose they use "whiting" and a person not acquainted with their methods would be willing to wager the stones had been white-washed. On walking into the house you feel a bit uneasy lest you step upon the sill and mar its whiteness with your foot-prints, and you try to stride from sidewalk to carpet without touching threshold.

The inside of our house is very similar to all those of the neighborhood, and is, we believe, quite representative of those of the working classes throughout the island. The parlor, or front room on the ground floor, is about twelve feet square, with a nine foot six inch ceiling. It is covered with pine flooring imported most likely from the Scandinavian peninsula. In the center of one side is the common fire place and non-expensive mantel. The room is not at all unlike many we have seen in the cheaper American homes.

Next behind the front room is the combined kitchen-dining room, in size about the same as the parlor. Instead of wood, we find the floor paved with red tiles, much after the fashion of brick sidewalks.

We look for the stove or range, but cannot find it; however, we soon learn that all home cooking is done on the little "dofunnies" built in the regular fire place. Baking is done at the baker's. Mrs. Oakden, the good sister with whom we are staying, has just sent six loaves and two cakes down to the baker's, a half block away, to be baked. We notice she is careful to have each labeled with her name, so as to avoid getting them mixed with those of her neigh-

bors. The baking is done for one "'a-penny"* (1 cent) per loaf, but the housewife must take the loaves to and from the bakery. Most people, however, buy their bread ready made, thus saving time, trouble, and especially avoiding the risk of having "sooner bread." It costs them two pence 'a-penny (5 cents per loaf,) but the loaves are considerably larger than those purchased of the American bakers. Meat, chickens, pies, etc., are often sent to the bakers, although in the fire place arrangement there is a little "box," called an oven, in which small roasts, etc., can be

We wonder why these little, inconvenient fire places are still used in place of the more modern American range, but conclude it must be from the fact that the English are rather loath to adopt new contrivances, and besides, the range is so much more expensive. However, we are given to understand that within the last two or three years ranges have been imported in considerable numbers, and are fast finding their way into the homes of the better class of Londoners.

Just behind the kitchen-dining room we enter the wash house, which, as the name implies, is where the washing of clothes is carried on. This floor is also of red tiles, and in one corner is the "copper," a large bowl-shaped vessel set in brick and built to have a fire immediately beneath it. We must admit that this arrangement is very handy and we readily understand why so many English women, after moving to America, express such a strong desire to have an old country "copper."

No improved washing machine is to be found in the wash rooms. The clothes, after being well soaked, are put into a small barrel or else deep tub and turned with "dollies" or pounded with "paunchès." The "dolly" is much like the churning device of most washing machines, while the "paunch" resembles a huge wooden potato masher. The working of either is harder and requires more time than the common machines of the American wash room. But notwithstanding this, we are sure nobody could rightly complain of the washing done by the average country woman of England.

Delbert W. Parratt.



SISTER OAKDEN AND FAMILY.

Many Elders and Saints of the Nottingham Conference will, with pleasure, recognize in this picture the features of Sister Oakden and her five girls. For a number of years Sister Oakden's home has been the home of the Elders laboring in the Eastwood district. Brother Oakden, also a faithful member, died two or three years before our arrival in Eastwood.

cooked, but it takes a long time and is not so satisfactorily done as at the bakery.

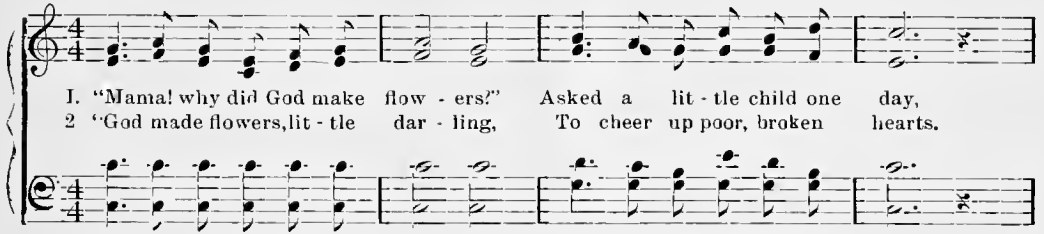
*That is, one half-penny.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

Words by Annie Malin.

Music by J. G. Fones.

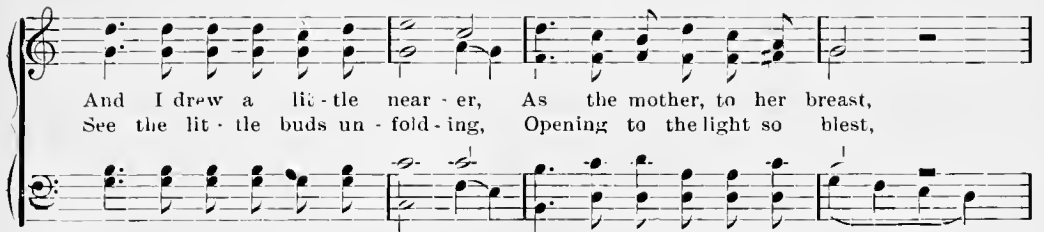
Moderato.



1. "Mama! why did God make flow - ers?" Asked a lit - tle child one day,
 2 'God made flowers, lit - tle dar - ling, To cheer up poor, broken hearts.



Of her mother planting pansies On a lit - tle mound of clay.
 May He help me to re - member All the hope He thus in - parts,



And I drew a lit - tle near - er, As the mother, to her breast,
 See the lit - tle buds un - fold - ing, Opening to the light so blest,



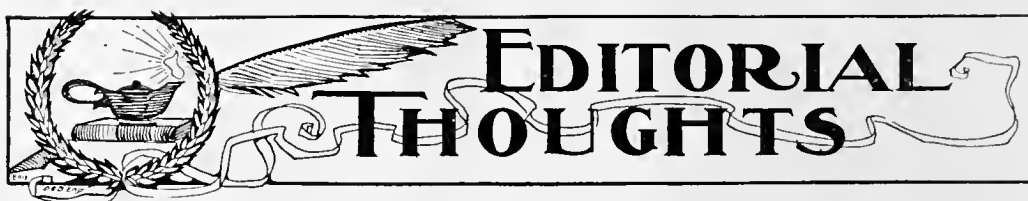
rit.
 Clasped the wee one, while in splendor Sank the sun low in the west.
 Bears a message from the an - gels— Trust in God He knoweth best."

3. "Why does God let some buds wither?"
 Asked the little one again;
 And the mother's lip now quivered
 With the sharpness of her pain.
 "Oh, my darling! who can answer?
 Who reveal His plans so blest?
 Who can but accept the message—
 Trust in God, He knoweth best."

4. Then I sat me down and pondered
 O'er the questions I had heard;
 And I thought of human flowers
 Often blighted by a word,—
 Often trampled in the mire,
 Scorned by those who should have blessed;
 E'en by those who might have whispered,
 "Trust in God who knoweth best,"

5. When we think of buds now blighted,
 When we think of withered flowers,
 When our hearts are torn with yearning
 For the blossoms we called ours;
 Let us think they might have fallen,
 And been trampled with the rest,
 But were taken up and cherished
 By the One who knoweth best.

6. Little footsteps might have faltered,
 Straying from the narrow track,
 And sometimes our prayers and pleadings
 Cannot win our darlings back.
 Let us think, then, that the Father
 Clasped them spotless to His breast,
 And accept the flowers' message—
 "Trust in God, He knoweth best."



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY 1, 1906

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ABROAD AT NIGHT.



URING the long nights of the winter months public entertainments are frequently given in the wards and stakes of the Church, and, in a general way, this custom is worthy of both commendation and praise, provided, of course, the exercises themselves be unobjectionable and the proceedings be held under proper auspices and with efficient supervision. Not only the wards and stakes as such, but the auxiliary organizations prepare programs and otherwise provide wholesome amusement and pleasing recreation for the people. Sunday Schools, Improvement Associations, as well as the Primary and other organizations, take turns in the labor and pleasure of such undertakings, and the attendance on most of

these occasions proclaims the genuine appreciation with which the efforts are received.

In this connection it is well for local officers to keep in mind the responsibility they assume in approving and promoting evening gatherings of the kind referred to above; and particularly so when the proceedings are such as to require or encourage the presence of young children. Entertainments in which children of tender years take part should be held preferably in the afternoon, or during the earliest evening hours only. Our little ones should not be kept away from their homes at night, and their presence at late meetings of any sort is conducive neither to health nor morals. The "stay-out-at-night" habit will be acquired early enough to cause most parents concern and anxiety; let it not begin in connection with gatherings held under the sanction of Church authority. Furthermore, children are less inured than are adults to the wintry chill unavoidable in going from a warm assembly room into the cold air of night, and lack of wisdom on the part of those in charge may result in serious illness or death among the children who are so dear to us.

Let it be remembered also that in many of our cities and towns the curfew ordinance is operative, and whether so by formal enactment or not, the spirit of that regulation should be active in every town, as also in every home of the Latter-day Saints. Small children must not be abroad at night unattended by a capable guardian, and only the most urgent and exceptional circumstances warrant their late absence from home at all.

It is in line with our profession as law-abiding citizens to have our children at

home by an early evening hour. Ward officials and others that arrange night meetings for tender tots can scarcely claim to be living up to their profession.

Social parties and evening gatherings in private homes, while in themselves good, may lead to ill results if prolonged into

late hours, and more truly so if little children are concerned therein.

Church officers and parents generally should co-operate in avoiding the ill effects so sure to follow late hours away from home.

Joseph F. Smith.

CHEMNITZ.



WE had sent cards ahead to the Elders, so were expected when we reached that city. Everything seemed in a bustle; the streets were thronged so that we had to look out or be pushed aside as we walked along. A celebration was on. The Denkmal (monument) in the Market Place, was richly decorated, and the bands were just leaving

their starting point for the parade. The rain, which had threatened earlier, began to fall in torrents. However, we reached the stadt (or city) park, and took shelter in the band stand.

The park is a beautiful place, an ideal resort for summer weather. It has many little nooks, rare flowers, trees with an abundance of foliage which nearly meets overhead. Scarcely realizing that an hour



THE CHIEF MARKET PLACE, CHEMNITZ.

had passed away or that the rain had subsided, we wended our way back to the business part of the town, and to luncheon, which we desired to take with the Elders at their usual place, a cooking school, where the daughters of army officers learn to cook, under the efficient management of an expert in that line.

No sooner were May and I seated in the

well cooked and nicely served. We wished we might have as good always, but that we could scarcely hope to find, and certainly our wish failed of realization. Hence we think with pleasure of the cooking school of Chemnitz.

The business houses are large and up to date, but we found that the elevator only carried people up, we were obliged to walk



HARTMANN'S BANK, CHEMNITZ.

reception room, which is also used as the dining room, and apart from that of the gentlemen, than we were the observed of all observers. It had leaked out that a party of Americans were there for lunch.

"Americanische" we overheard several times, and the young cooks found excuses to come in on some trivial errands to get a look at us. Books were brought for us to amuse ourselves while we waited. Everything was neat and clean, the food appetizing, though somewhat scant.

It is the desire of these young girls that they shall not be seen or known by those who patronize the "school." Perhaps this is the reason for the separate dining rooms, as the gentlemen's dining room is farthest from the kitchen. The food was certainly

down. We enjoyed the afternoon, seeing the sights of the city

Chemnitz is the third largest town in Saxony and one of the most important manufacturing places in Germany. It has a population of something over 170,000. It lies in a fertile plain, at the base of the Erzgebirge. It was originally a settlement of the ancient Wends, and became celebrated, at an early period, for its linen manufactories and bleaching grounds.

The staple products are stockings, gloves, all woven goods and machinery, which latter is manufactured on a large scale, both in the town and neighborhood. Large quantities of these manufactures are exported to the United States.

The late Gothic Rath-hous, in the

Hauptsmarket, has a lofty tower and costly arcade. Near by is the Jacobi-kirche (church), of the 15th century. In the 18th century it was altered, then changed to Gothic again in 1883. It is an imposing structure, and all visitors include it in their visit of the town.

The central railway station, the cattle-market, the bank, the law courts, the technical schools of the Saxon government, are all worthy of mention. The Schloss, once a Benedictine abbey, is now a restau-

rant, with pretty grounds, and an excellent view.

The adjoining Schloss church, a late Gothic edifice of 1814-25, has a fine portal, and contains paintings of the old Franciscan school. We bought post cards (usual custom) and then, accompanied by the Elders, returned to the station. Here we bade our good friends farewell, and with best wishes for them in their labors, we took the train for Gera.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE SALT LAKE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

It is doubtful if many people in Salt Lake know what a Fire Department they have, with its wonderful engines and brave men, who are ready at all times to risk their lives for the sake of humanity.

The Fire Department was first organized in 1853. The City Council appointed a chief and an assistant chief; the city bought buckets and volunteers were called for. At that time the men gave their time freely and expected no pay. Then in 1883, the pay department was organized. At this time there were four men only on the force, and they had but one horse. The expense of the Fire Department is now from \$38,000 to \$40,000 per year.

The whole force is divided into three different departments: Engine House Nos. 1 and 3, or Headquarters, at 132 East First South Street, Engine House No. 2 at 37-39 North Second West Street; and Engine House No. 4 on I Street, between 4th and 5th Streets. Altogether there are forty-eight men on the force, twenty-six of them being stationed at headquarters.

When the Department needs more men, those applying must fill out an application blank, which has to be signed by three influential citizens of Salt Lake. These men are then examined by a good physician, to

see if they are fitted to fill the position.

There are twenty-three horses in the whole department, fourteen of which are at headquarters. These horses are some of the finest in the state, and are both strong and swift. The largest, a great black horse, is named Nigger, and will eat any amount of candy. It takes from ten days to three weeks to train a new horse.

At headquarters there are four great engines for pumping water, the truck, sometimes called the ladder-wagon, the hose wagon and the chemical engine. The engines are used when the water force is low. They pump the water into the hose from streams or water cisterns. One of these engines can pump eleven hundred gallons of water per minute from a lake, and can send the stream one hundred and fifty feet into the air. The chemical engine has two large tanks containing what the firemen call "the chemicals." It is composed of twenty-one pounds of soda and seven pounds sulphuric acid, to fifty gallons of water, and is used to put out a small fire, for instance, if in a clothes closet one dress or garment is burning, the flame can be extinguished without injuring the whole wardrobe. The hose wagon is furnished with one thousand feet of hose, a twenty-

five foot extension ladder, and two three-gallon chemicals. The truck, or ladder-wagon is complete with life-nets, life-belts and lines, and the eighty-five foot extension ladder. This ladder is very heavy, but the machinery is so arranged that it can be raised in a few seconds by two men.

The life-net is made of strong canvas and is often called into use when there is no other escape from a fire but through a window.

The promptness and swift action of the firemen is wonderful. If the men are downstairs when the fire alarm rings, it takes them only three seconds to hitch the horses and be all ready to start. When the bell rings, the rope (which prevents the horses from leaving the stalls) flies back, and the horse steps into place, the harness is held in the air on a frame just over the horses' place on the engine, and at a signal the harness is dropped onto the horses and snapped into place. The horses are so well trained that the instant the gong strikes they run eagerly to their places. They have been hitched in two and one half seconds, but three is the average time required.

If the men are upstairs when the alarm rings, it takes them eight seconds to get down, hitch and be outside on their way to the fire. They are able to get downstairs very quickly on account of strong brass poles down which they slide.

When the men are called at night, one would suppose that some time would be taken in dressing, but they are dressed in about six seconds. They all sleep in a large dormitory and every night, a pair of boots with pantaloons attached is placed by the side of each bed. The moment the gong strikes, each man slips on his boots and trousers, slides down a pole, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the horses are hitched and they are on their way to the fire. The time required to do this is fifteen seconds.

Everything about the place is as neat as a pin. The horses are always in good condition and the engines are always bright and shining, as they are washed and rubbed thoroughly after each call.

The work of the firemen is to keep the place neat, and look after the horses. This does not take much time, and then they have but little to do, except to amuse themselves. In the first place, they have a fine library of about fourteen hundred books. The firemen play a very lively game called "hand ball." Hand ball is excellent for developing muscle. Then they have a good piano, mandolins and harmonicas, and nearly every man plays something. A few weeks after the great fire at Carstensen and Ansen's, the company made the firemen a present of a fine talking machine.

Among the firemen is a ventriloquist, and one day, thinking perhaps he could make some fun, he constructed a face from wood (with painted features and steel-wool for hair) calling it "George." The face had a movable lip, and a string attached to this was held by the fireman whenever "George" talked. Many people were "bluffed" because they could not understand where the voice came from. "George" is a source of great amusement to the firemen, and a hearty laugh is produced whenever his name is mentioned.

Elna Dehlin.



The best exposition of scripture is its application.

Sometimes God has preserved His truth by burying it.

The Almighty never leaves His message to the tender mercies of chance.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is older he will lead others in it.

OUR PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

PARENTS' CLASSES—THEIR GENERAL VALUE.



It has always appeared that when the time is ripe, and the world requires means to express great undertakings, it is given to the Latter-day Saints to fill that want.

For a time the cry of the people has been for more light, more truth in the education of their children, and lo! the Latter-day Saints step forward to establish a class for mutual education in which not the mothers alone, but the fathers and mothers shall have and hold an abiding interest in their children; those little gems which form the connecting line in the parents' lives and link them to eternity.

Never perhaps in the history of the world has there been a greater need for honest men and women than to-day. The atmosphere is surcharged with details of fraud and deception, and if the coming generation is not educated along proper channels, what is to become of the people? The children of today will be the men and women of tomorrow who must assume responsibilities, who must be ready to see with clear vision what is best to be done and have the strength and courage to do it. The parents must be ready, willing and able to instruct their children in all that is noble, grand, pure and true.

Consequently the work of the Parents' Department, (which has recently been established in some of the stakes of Zion,) is of the greatest importance. If one will attend these classes for successive Sundays, he will find inspiration and strength resulting from the exchange of family experiences, and methods employed in child culture. The Spirit of the Lord is certainly abiding with

these classes and His power is making itself manifest in every instance where one has been established. The breath of the Lord is wafting all who partake of the blessings of this communion on to higher and more precious things. Parents who for years perhaps, have lived in a Ward as close neighbors are edified and their natures broadened by noting, on entering Parents' classes, that the very neighbors whom they might have considered dull and humdrum, show a beautiful side to their nature, the semblance of which had never been expected.

It is the spirit of which they partake in these communions, that enhances and beautifies the every-day life, and enables them to throw off all material dross and shine forth in the glory of their spirituality and people begin to realize that they are certainly living close to pure streams of life and wisdom as the individual experiences proceed from the lips of some good brother or sister.

In these classes each one is perfectly free to express himself, and he seems to be in a small circle of his intimate friends where every thought is mirrored in the souls of those same friends who surround him. It is, indeed, a pleasure and a delight to listen to the active discussion in the Parents' Classes on topics pertaining to every day life, but which will be sure to have their fruition in eternity. Each one takes home some morsel to digest and comes the following Sabbath renewed and strengthened to give that which he has acquired to some one else.

It is understood that the element of time enters into all the work, and yet the parents are in no wise hurried, but may return the following Sunday with a keener insight into the subject. There are sometimes several who desire to speak at the same time, but the supervisor with grac-

iousness allows each one to express himself in turn until the topic has been thoroughly sifted. The time is often all too short for the subject to be handled, and week after week is taken in its discussion.

It is being remarked that the parents are the most interested attendants upon Sabbath School, and that the blessing of the Parents' Class is already beginning to have its effect on the young and rising generation. Instead of being advised to attend the House of the Lord the youth are commencing to feel the influence of the parents' attendance, and the power of such example is greater than all the precepts parents may give.

Parents likewise, have repeatedly expressed their interest and love of the work

and state that they have never attended a meeting before, which appealed to them so directly. The subjects discussed are of daily and vital importance to them, teeming with life and progress, touching the parents and all who are connected with the rearing of the child. No study can be more beautiful, no subject more interesting, than the care and nurture of those jewels which have been entrusted to parents from the hands of our Heavenly Father, and which are to be returned with souls purified, minds developed, and natures fully rounded to occupy their exalted stations. Surely this work must succeed if the parents will give their aid. "As with the priest, so with the people." As with the parents so with the child.

SELECTIONS

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR—

Be helpful.
Be sociable.
Be unselfish.
Be generous.
Be a good listener.
Never worry or whine.
Study the art of pleasing.
Be frank, open and truthful.
Always be ready to lend a hand.
Be kind and polite to everybody.
Be self-confident but not conceited.
Never monopolize the conversation.
Take a genuine interest in other people.
Always look on the bright side of things.
Take pains to remember names and faces.

Never criticize or say unkind things of others.

Look for the good in others, not for their faults.

Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.

Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.

Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.

Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.

Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.

Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.

Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.

Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.

Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.

Believe in the brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinctions.

Do not be self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others.

Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.

Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another.

Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and your superiors.

Success.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE I particularly respect; it is the hinge of all virtues. On looking over the world, the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertaking, and darken and degrade so much in their history, lies not in the want of talents or will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, of flying from object to object, in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them.

The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable valley to flow in. The wildest tempest overturns a few cottages, uproots a few trees, and leaves, after a short space, no mark behind it. Commend me, therefore, to the Dutch virtue of perseverance. Without it, all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to market proves to be but slate or cinders.

Carlyle.

THE PEACE ANTHEM.

O Father of mankind,
Do Thou the nations bind
In bonds of love;
Bid every land be free,
Let race with race agree,
And earth be ruled by Thee,
As heaven above.

Make Thou all wars to cease,
Round the whole world be peace,
Man's wrath control.
Let love her reign extend,

Till all the nations blend
In concord without end,
From pole to pole.

Haste Thou the glorious time,
Foretold in song sublime,
When earth shall rest;
Changed then the sword to share,
No more shall peoples bear
The weight of earth's despair,
But all be blest.

Olive Leaf.

IMMORTALITY.

I that had life ere I was born
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night:

I am as old as heaven and earth!
But sleep is death without decay;
And since each morn renews my birth,
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,
Though it at last outworn shall lie,
This that is servile to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wake,
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

Selected.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.

Good manners pay, even if they do not make friends, because we cannot try to make others happy and to radiate sunshine without feeling purer and better ourselves.

The United States postal departments say that Chicago is often and horribly misspelled by foreigners. It is said that the word has been spelled in 189 different ways. Here are some of the most puzzling: Zizazo, Jayjago, Hipaho, Jagiga, Schecchacho, Hizago, Chacicho and Schicahbzo.

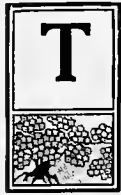


OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A PAIR OF CANARY BIRDS AND A MORAL.



TOM and Jennie were a pair of pretty little yellow canaries, who lived in a nice wire cage and belonged to a little boy named Ned, whose papa had bought them for him. The little birds had seen the first light of day through the bars of a cage when they first picked their little beaks through the shell of the tiny eggs which the mother bird had kept so nice and warm, under her little green wing, throughout the long days and nights, so they did not mind so very much being locked up in such a tiny home.

Every morning as the golden sun peeped over the eastern hills, Tom and Jennie would send out a burst of welcome from their little throats, which made the room thrill with the sweet music; and when summer days came, with their warm breezes and pretty flowers, the tiny throats poured forth their silvery notes the whole day long.

So the summer days lengthened out and shortened again into autumn, when the leaves begin to put on their pretty coats of red and yellow and one by one begin to fall, and the trees and the whole earth begin to prepare for the long winter's sleep. On one of those days, when the tang of the approaching winter was in the air, Tom and Jenny, as usual, hopped about their little cage, which was hanging on a peg on the sunny side of the house, picking the tiny seeds which were placed for them by little Ned, occasionally singing a song and

watching the leaves as they scurried by, with no care in the wide, wide world; indeed, they knew no care, they had never known either hunger or cold, and the only enemy they had ever known was the big, black cat that lived over the fence, and which had come and watched them with a hungry look as they swung in the breeze in their little home one morning.

Toward evening, on this autumn day, little Tom was a little bit tired of hopping around and picking out the best seeds he could find in his little dish, so he climbed up on his little perch to rest himself, and as he was getting to be quite a big bird now, he sometimes thought of the things he had noticed around him; and as he sat peering around, with his head first on one side, then on the other, he noticed something unusual about the little opening of his cage, where little Ned would place the seeds for them to eat; so like the curious little fellow he was getting to be, down Tom hopped, to examine what it meant, and to his surprise he discovered that the door was left partly open.

Tom could not quite understand what this meant for a moment; then through the hole he popped his head, then his shoulders and then out he hopped onto the base of the cage, then onto the window sill, which was near, and then he stopped to think what this change meant to him. Jennie, in the meantime, was wondering what was up and trying to get through her tiny brain the meaning of Tom being out of his cage, so having seen him disappear

through the little door, she finally hopped down to see for herself what the big world looked like; but when she put her head out she was frightened at the prospect of having so much room; and Tom noting that she was frightened, began to coax her to come and join him on the window sill. So with one foot, then the other, on the sill of the cage, and then a little hop to the sill of the window, she found herself by her brother, Tom. Then what a lot of talk they indulged in over the new condition; and Tom, boylike, began to brag about the big things he was going to do out in the big, big world. The very first thing he would do would be to fly right into the great sun, which had wakened them from their sleep every morning.

But there was a disappointment in store for Tom and Jennie, for when they spread their little wings to fly away, they found it was not so easy as they had thought, for they had not had a chance to use their little wings and they were not as strong as the wings of the birds they had seen flying past their cage all through the summer months. But each effort they made took them a little farther, and soon they were perched together in the top of a tall tree, swaying back and forth in the breeze. "Oh!" said Tom, "what a big, big world it is, and how lovely, we can fly to the mountains, and by the brook, up in the sky with the larks, and we will have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves the live long day." And he was so happy that he burst into song, and never in his whole life had he made such a volume of song as he now poured forth.

Tom's joy was rather short lived, for before he was half through with his song of thanksgiving, a little boy who had not been taught to respect God's creatures, was attracted by the flood of music, and seeing the pretty little birds, was impelled by the desire to kill, and picking up a rock, threw it at Tom and Jennie.

This was a terror before unknown to these little wanderers, as nothing had ever shown a desire to harm them, except the big black cat, and all boys and girls whom they had known had admired them and loved them for their sweet music. So frightened were they, that off they flew, not knowing which way they were going, except to get away from the boy with the desire to harm them.

After they had flown a long way, they stopped to rest, and for the first time they noticed that it was getting dark, and a new sensation came upon them,—that of hunger. They had never before been without the little dish of seed which Ned had placed for them every morning, and had never thought that this would be otherwise. But now, two difficulties confronted them: it was too dark to look for food, and they would not know where to look for it, not ever having been placed in this position before, so there was nothing to do but go to bed hungry.

The two little birds were beginning to think that their freedom was not as much a thing to be desired, as they did when the sun shone brightly and the air was warm, and before morning they had longed many times for their cosy little cage, which was always hung by the kitchen fire when the nights grew cold.

Morning came at last, and no sunshine came with it, but the sky was hung with big, gray clouds, and before long big snow-flakes began to fall. These two little birds had never been taught to look out for themselves, and did not even know what sort of nests the little wild birds of the fields lived in or how they made them; for even the nests they had lived in when they were tiny birds had been made for the mother bird out of a soft piece of wool, by Ned's father. So here were the two birds out in the big world without anyone to help them, not knowing what to do or how

to do it, and they were just as helpless as a new born babe.

All day long they stayed in the big tree, too cold and stiff to fly, and not knowing which way lay home and friends; and as evening came, the sky cleared off and it became bitter cold, and before it was quite dark, Tom and Jennie grew, oh, so sleepy, and although they had been so cold and wet all day they began to feel contented, and before very long two little birds had slept themselves into a better and brighter world, where cold and hunger were never known.

How many boys and girls who read this little story will see the moral which is behind it? How many boys and girls are like Tom and Jennie, allowing mother and father, sister or brother, to do everything for them, being satisfied with the events of each day, and making no preparation for the morrow?

To everyone comes a time, sooner or later, when they must look around them and find out how big the world is, and while the sun shines will sing as Tom did at the joy of being alive and free; and when the sun goes down and the frosts come, must, if they have made no preparation for the night while the sun shone, depend on others to help them, or perish as Tom and Jennie did.

If Tom and Jennie had been born free and wild, they would have learned from their mother bird, first how to fly, then how to gather their food and to build their nest, and when the storms of winter came, they would have learned how to find the Southland, where the warm breezes blow, and in the spring return to their homes in the north country, and they would have lived long lives of usefulness in cheering the children of men with their sweet songs.

So with the boys and girls, every day they should be learning those things which will make them useful men and women, and if storms come to them, will be able to

weather the same and fulfill their destinies which God has placed them on earth to fulfill.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXII.

"I love the young!
For as great men live not in their own time,
But the next race, so in the young
My soul makes many heroes.
He'll win it yet!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Teddy's Letter—The Boys are Lonesome—Carl Refuses to "Move."

BURNHAM, Jan. 1.

Dear Carl and Jemmy:

This is a good enough place. Very kind people live here. The first person I met and spoke to, after Digit and I reached Burnham, was Mrs. Hester Mathews' eldest daughter.

(Let's see, should I have written eldest or elder? There are but two of them. I'll look that up). She was at Mrs. Anson's inviting her to go to their house for Christmas. Digit and I were invited too, and we all went. And I tell you we had a good time.

I think, Carl, the Mathews family were in hopes you would return to Burnham with Digit. When they learned that I was your friend, they very kindly undertook to befriend me.

Mr. Mathews is very influential here, and he got me a situation in the *Dial* office right away, as a *proof reader*. Only think of it! I had no idea he could do so much for me, but he explained to the men about my recently broken bones, and that to put me in the press room would be impracticable.

The proof reading seems to come natural to me, I required but very little showing, and with a book of information at hand, it is perfectly easy for me, and I really love the work.

I doubled up my fists to strike a man in the office yesterday, who said I lied when, in answer to questions, I claimed to have picked up what education I have. But clenching my hand made painful sensations in the cords of my arm and shoulder, and reminded me that there are other means of getting along in the world besides fighting. The man had been drinking and was not worth noticing anyhow. So I calmed my feelings and inwardly congratulated Ted on a self victory.

Miss Bonner could not have done a better thing for you, Carl, than turning those splendid shoes back on your hands. And you couldn't have done better for yourself than you did by sending them as a Christmas present to Digit's mother. Mrs. Mathews and both of her daughters, and half a dozen of her lady friends are determined to have shoes like them if they have to go to Berryville to have their measurements taken. They want me to persuade you to come to Burnham and establish yourself, and they are sure you can make a fortune here very quickly. Come on, Carl, won't you?

And Jemmy, what I intend for you is this: I am going to make and save all the money I can, and as soon as I have enough I will send you to Europe to have your voice trained. And likely you will become a great singer, as our mother would have done had things happened differently with her and father. That will be the only way for me to make up for past mistakes.

I want you to be where I am when we settle in life, for with all my harshness to you, I have always loved you, my little brother, and feel a deep loneliness at being separated from you, even though you are with Carl, who is better to you than I have been. How strange our lives have been, Jem. Sometime I intend to write a book that I hope will show poor street boys that they need not be vagabonds if they do not want to, in a country where there are

free libraries, public reading rooms and plenty of well informed people who will take pains to help a person to find out facts if he has a disposition to learn.

Good bye, boys. Please write, both of you, to

Yours always,

EDWARD O'LANG.

There were some things in this letter of Ted's that, try as they would, Carl and Jemmy could not help feeling lonesome over. They missed Ted's reading aloud to them, and they felt as though he was grieving at being parted from Jemmy. But after reading the letter over again and again, and carefully considering all that it meant, Carl said:

"It is no use, Jemmy, I can't go and leave this place now. I have been greatly favored here, and I must stay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

L. L. G. R.

THREE ANIMAL FABLES.

The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a country where there were a great many wolves, a boy who was hired by a farmer to herd his sheep. These fierce wolves would sometimes attack the sheep and



THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF.

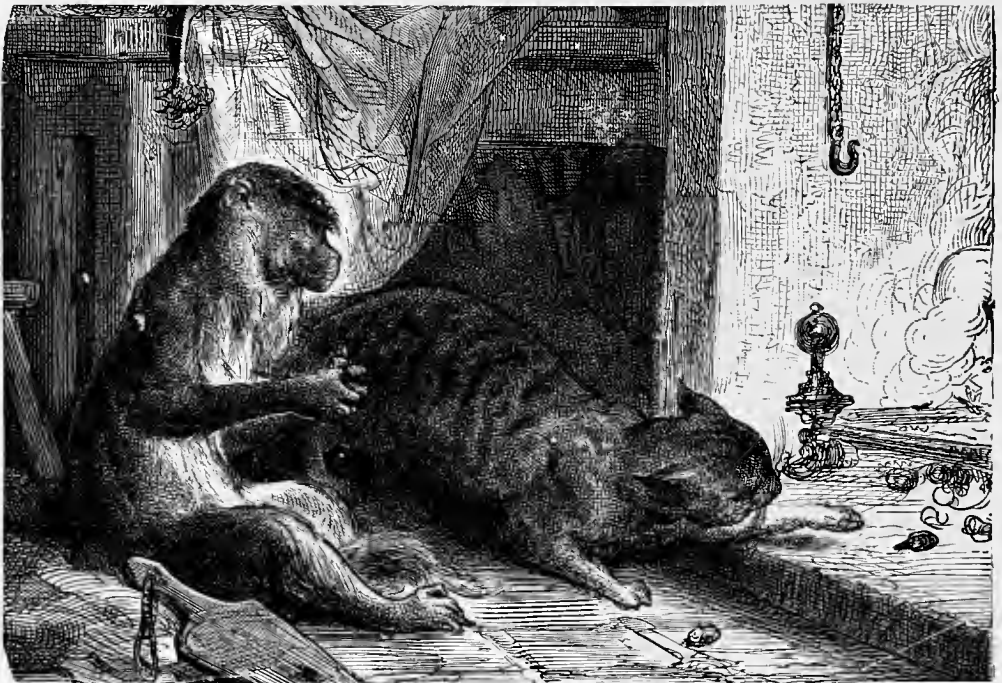
kill and devour numbers of them and their lambs. Whenever any wolves came near

a flock, it was the duty of the shepherd to give an alarm by calling out loudly "wolf, wolf!" so that the men at work in the fields near by might come to his help and drive them away. The boy we have spoken of was very bad, for he would often cry "wolf, wolf," when there was no wolf near. This would cause the laborers to leave off their work and come running to drive away the wolves. Then this bad boy would laugh at them, for there were no wolves near, and he thought it was fine fun to de-

The moral of this fable is: a liar is scarce believed even when he speaks the truth.

The Catspaw.

ONCE upon a time there lived together in the same house a monkey and a cat who were real good friends; but notwithstanding their friendship the monkey was still a monkey and the cat a cat. The monkey's nature did not change in the least; he was still cunning, mischievous



THE MONKEY AND THE CAT.

ceive the people thus. After he had played this trick a number of times, the men would not believe him when he cried "wolf, wolf," and did not go to his help. At last the wolves did come; in vain he cried "wolf, wolf;" all thought he was lying, and remained at their work; and the poor sheep and lambs were torn to pieces, and the boy himself barely escaped.

and selfish, and took advantage of the cat's kindly feeling to accomplish his ends.

The story goes that one day some chestnuts were roasting in front of the fire, and the monkey wanted them, for he was very fond of roasted chestnuts; but he dare not rake them out of the ashes for fear of burning his paws. So he persuaded the poor cat to pull them out for him and in so do-

ing pussy badly burned her paws. Some say the monkey took hold of the cat's paws and forced her to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. And from that time until now anyone who is persuaded or forced to do a mean thing by some one else who is ashamed or afraid to do it himself, is called a Catspaw.

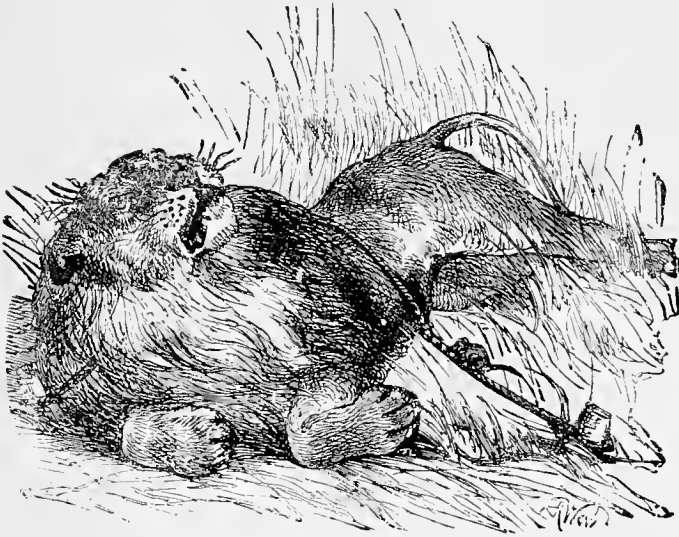


The Lion and the Mouse.

A LION once had fallen asleep, when a little mouse began to climb over his back. This awoke the lion and he put out his big paw and caught the mouse. But the mouse

read the letters from the children, and I thought others might like to hear something about our place. We live on a ranch about two miles from town, and all around this place are many signs that show that an Indian village was here some time. We find pieces of their old dishes and old mills, and also their caches, and arrow points made of flint which they used instead of bullets and guns. And there are pictures cut in the rocks. If I see this letter in print, I may try to tell something more another time.

WILLIAM HEATH.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

pleaded so hard that the lion let him go. About twelve months after, the lion was himself caught in a net prepared by some hunters. He roared in anger and tried to get out but could not, when the little mouse happened by and heard the lion's voice, and knew it, and straightway went and began to gnaw the network, and finally set the lion free.

THE LETTER BOX.

Indian Relics.

TEASDALE, UTAH.

We have the INSTRUCTOR and I love to

From Colorado.

FRUITA, MESA CO., COLO.

I am one of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and enjoy all the letters from the little writers, and I want to write to them. I am a farmer's son, and have been helping to raise sugar beets for the Western Land and Sugar Company, at Loma, Colorado. I am afraid the company will have to give up raising beets on that land, for it is going to seep very fast. The men can hardly get their loads of beets out of the fields. We have another branch of "Mormons" here, and a new meeting house

just finished. We held meeting in it last Sunday and dedicated it. There were something over thirty people present. This shows that Zion is growing and that the Lord blesses and helps those that help themselves.

Good bye,

LLOYD ALLEN.

Letter and Charade.

RIGBY, IDAHO.

We have taken the JUVENILE as long as I can remember and I have always taken an interest in the stories. I will send an answer to Lucy's charade. I think the name of the person well beloved is Joseph F. Smith.

Here is a charade for someone else to guess:

I am composed of eight letters.

My 3, 7, 8, 6, is used by mechanics.

My 4, 2, 5, 6, a boy's name.

My 6, 2, 1, a profession.

My whole is the name of the place where one of the greatest battles of the world was fought.

SARAH CORDON.

A Good Walk to School.

PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH.

There are not many who write from this place, so I will write, and perhaps others may write also. I go to school and have three miles to walk every morning and night. I am twelve years old.

Your friend,

GEORGE SWENSON.

From Old Mexico.

COLONIA GARCIA, CHIHUAHUA.

I was born away up here on the top of the mountain. We have a pretty place; great, tall pines all around. We often take our dinner with us and go walking,

gather flowers in the forest and stay all day. We also ride on the loads of hay with father. There were eight sisters of us, two are dead, and we had two little brothers but the Lord took them both. We feel very sad over our loss. They are buried by the tall pine trees, and there are only six of us children living. I am twelve years old. We go to Sunday School and Primary.

LORENA CLUFF.

Answer and Charade.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH.

I think I have the answer to your charade in the INSTRUCTOR for December 1. The name of the orator in the time of the American Revolution is Patrick Henry.

I have a charade for someone to guess.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 7, 6, 5, 4, is what most people like to eat.

My 8, 6, 11, 9, is something nearly every house contains.

My 3, 9, 6, 10, is a certain kind of meat.

My 1, 2, 10, 9, is something we should use sparingly, if at all.

My whole is the name of a great American colonizer.

OLIVE LEBARON, age 11 years.

THE TWO FLOWERS.

A Familiar Lesson Always Worth Considering.

By the old stone wall in the garden

Two flowers grew side by side;

One was a haughty rosebud,

Whose beauty, alas! was her pride.

The other, a fair, sweet lily,

Of such a modest hue,

Lived for the love she gave and received,

And the good that she might do.

The rosebud was discontented

With the simple life she led,

Warmed by the generous sunbeams,

And by the dewdrops fed.

She never thought of thanking

The sun for his gentle ray,

And gave no heed to the zephyrs

That kindly came her way.

Tired of peaceful solitude,
 She longed to go away,
 Far from her safe and quiet home,
 And live a life so gay;
 But the lily gave honey to bird and bee,
 And honored the place where she grew,
 Glad and grateful and full of joy,
 For the good that she could do,

One day a stranger passing,
 From her stem the sweet rose tore,
 And the haughty flow'r, a thankless heart
 Was quickly stationed o'er.
 Proudly content in her new career,
 Unreasoning, helpless thing!
 Felt she no shame at his rude caress,
 No keen, resentful sting?

She knew she was leaving her birthplace,
 The lovely, little spot,
 But she had gained her heart's fond wish,
 For which she long had sought.
 Into the brilliant ballroom
 He carried the blossom rare;
 Then farther into the gay saloons,
 With their vile and stifling air.

But her beautiful color faded,
 Her breath was no longer sweet;
 And the careless hand that had plucked her
 Cast her out in the stony street.
 The flower so fair and stately,
 Whose beauty, alas! was her pride,
 Alone, in the cold, dark gutter,
 Unwept and unnoticed, died!

"Just a pretty flower, mama!"
 Was a dying baby's call,
 And the mother found the lily,
 Down by the old stone wall.
 The blossom was placed in the darling's
 hand,
 And together died the two,
 The lily grateful and glad to the last,
 For the good that she could do.

Nellie Hunt.

SALT LAKE CITY.

From an Australian Girl.

I am eleven years old. I have three brothers and one little sister. My parents brought us to Utah from Australia a few months ago. We used to get the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in Australia. I think it is a very nice book. I love to read the letters.

When I was five years old I was very ill; the Elders administered to me, and I was restored to health. I am glad that I am a Latter-day Saint. I am trying to be a good girl, to please my papa and mama, and my heavenly Father.

NELLIE E. HOARE.

Pleased With the Stories.

AMMON, IDAHO.

I have been very much interested in the three continued stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR this year. "In Old Ohio," "Grandmother's Stories of Early Days," and "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville." I think "In Old Ohio" shut off too quick. I would like to know if any of Mary's folks ever joined the Church on this earth. I have guessed some of the charades, and will send one for others to guess.

OLIVE OWEN.

NEW YEAR'S QUESTIONS.

Now is born another year,
 And another old year's dead!
 Where do days and hours come from?
 Where have all the past years fled?
 What are months and what are moments?
 Are they driv'n or are they led?

No one hears time coming, going;
 No one sees the children grow;
 Yet how much has grown the baby
 That was born a year ago!
 Then so tiny, now so lusty—
 Whence the change? Does no one know?
L. L. G. R.

BABY VERSES.

The Wise Man.

A man who was extremely wise
 Said, "Tomorrow the sun will rise."
 He said the same thing every night,
 And every day proved he was right.
 When people saw his words were true,
 They wondered greatly how he knew.
 He said to all his friends, "I hear
 We'll have some rain within a year."

And sure enough, it came about,
 And rained before the year was out.
 And then they said, "How very strange
 That he can make the weather change!"
 He gave his friends a candy treat,
 And said, "I'm sure you'll find it sweet."
 They ate a little, found it so,
 And said to him, "How did you know?"
 "It's very sweet, as you have said;
 How can you taste so far ahead?"
 He said, "I cannot swim, and think
 If I jump in I'll surely sink."
 He jumped, and as he could not swim,
 It was the last they saw of him;
 And as he sank far out of sight,
 They said, "That proves that he was right."

Youth's Companion.

The Wilful Kangaroo.

The little Kangaroo
 (If this story is quite true)
 Could not be made to bathe him in the river.
 He said he never yet
 Saw water quite so wet:
 The mere suggestion made him shake and
 shiver!



THE KANGAROO.

His mother said, "Absurd!
 You're a ninny, on my word!"
 What well-bred jungle creature would act so?
 The little Elephants
 Are glad to have the chance;
 Their bath is just a frolic as you know.
 "The little Barbary Ape
 Does not try to escape
 When threatened with cold water and the soap;
 The Hippopotamuses
 Don't make such awful fusses.
 Nor the Jagaur, nor the little Antelope.
 "The mild, obedient Yak
 Would never answer back,

Nor does the Rino-cino-roarer-horse;
 And the baby Crocodile—
 Why, the water makes him smile;
 And he takes his daily plunges as of course."
St. Nicholas.

Youth and Age.

I asked my pa a simple thing,
 "Where holes in doughnuts go,"
 Pa read his paper, then he said,
 "O you're too young to know."
 I asked my ma about the wind,
 "Why can't you see it blow?"
 Ma thought a moment, then she said,
 "Oh, you're too young to know."
 Now, why on earth do you suppose
 They went and licked me so?
 Ma asked, "Where is that jam?" I said,
 "Oh, I'm too young to know."

New York Sun.

Why?

Oh, why should I be always wrong, and nurse
 be always right?
 I cannot guess the answer, though I've tried
 with all my might,
 No matter what I ever do, no matter how I
 play,
 She shows me that I should have done it quite
 another way.
 And since I'm sure to make mistakes, whatever
 way I do,
 Some time or other does it not seem probable
 to you
 (I've thought about this oftentimes, and care-
 fully and long)
 That by mistake I may be right? And that
 would make nurse wrong!

Selected.

A Figurative Poem.

I've loved you 4 the longest time
 With passion true and 10-der;
 This love which I send 2 you
 Doth perme-8 the sender.
 With metaphy-6, all in vain,
 I try 2 pluck asunder
 My thoughts and you, but the result
 Was just 2 make me 1-der
 How Cupid has, with 3-fold might
 Though satur-9 bethought,
 To let men's peace alone, the plans
 Of cynic brought to 0.

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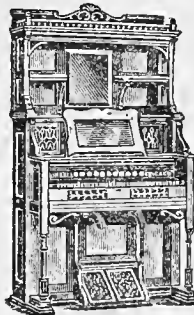
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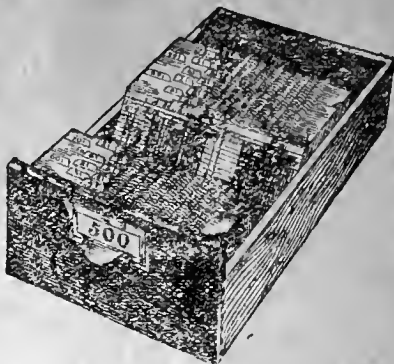
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